

READINGS BOOKLET



GRADE 12 DIPLOMA EXAMINATION

English 33
Part B: Reading (Multiple Choice)

June 1990

Alberta
EDUCATION

LB
3054
C22
A3
gr.12
E54
G74B
1990:
June:
rdgs.
c.2
CURRHIST



EX LIBRIS
UNIVERSITATIS
ALBERTÆNSIS

Copyright 1990, the Crown in Right of Alberta, as represented by the Minister of Education, Alberta Education, Student Evaluation and Records Branch, 11160 Jasper Avenue, Edmonton, Alberta, T5K 0L2. All rights reserved. Additional copies may be obtained from the Learning Resources Distributing Centre.

Questions in this examination that contain excerpted material may NOT be reproduced without the written permission of the original publisher (see CREDITS page, where applicable). Permission is hereby given to teachers to reproduce parts of this examination that do NOT contain excerpted material for educational purposes and on a nonprofit basis ONLY AFTER THE ADMINISTRATION OF THIS EXAMINATION.

**GRADE 12 DIPLOMA EXAMINATION
ENGLISH 33**

Part B: Reading (Multiple Choice)

READINGS BOOKLET

GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS

Part B of the English 33 Diploma Examination has 70 questions in the Questions Booklet and nine reading selections in the Readings Booklet.

BE SURE THAT YOU HAVE AN ENGLISH 33 QUESTIONS BOOKLET AND AN ENGLISH 33 READINGS BOOKLET.

YOU HAVE 2 HOURS TO COMPLETE THIS EXAMINATION.

You may **NOT** use a dictionary, thesaurus, or other reference materials.

JUNE 1990

- I. Questions 1 to 7 in your Questions Booklet are based on the excerpt “Teeth” from the novel *Chiclet Gomez*.

TEETH

Chiclet Gomez and her friend Tillie live in a government-subsidized housing development in Toronto.

How many people do you know who have no teeth? I mean, really none. Not even false ones. Every time I look around me, I see more and more people without teeth. It can really change your character.

- Chiclet and I went together to have our teeth out. After five kids, I didn't have much left in the way of teeth anyway, but Chiclet's looked fine. It was her gums that had gone funny. Of course, we had both heard all about the Canada Food Rules, and how peanut butter is an excellent meat substitute. But hearing about them, and having them shoved down your throat, does no good if you don't have the money to follow them. So we compromised. We made sure the kids followed them. Somehow, we didn't think it was too important if we didn't get any milk or fruit.

- We had a very funny month. I developed this allergy, or so I thought, and Chiclet started bleeding. Nose bleeds, mostly, but her teeth came loose too. You wouldn't believe it. We went to a doctor, and guess what? I had impetigo, and Chiclet had scurvy. Scurvy! I thought Captain Cook was the last person who ever had scurvy. It's like having beriberi. Right out of it.

- I was humiliated about my impetigo. What was funny though, was that the night before, I had gone to a dance with Chiclet. I hadn't wanted to, because I was embarrassed about my face, but Chiclet insisted. So I covered up my rash with Ozonol, and went. I was never so popular in all my life. Men kept asking me to dance and snuggling up to me. I finally decided Ozonol must be an aphrodisiac.

- Anyway, our first reaction to having impetigo and scurvy was absolute horror. Our second reaction was to have something done. Chiclet went on massive doses of Vitamin C, but it was too late to save her teeth. Since I needed mine out anyway, we decided to go together, once my problem had cleared up. We booked two appointments with a dentist, and the rest of the time that we still had our teeth we spent gritting them so we wouldn't chicken out.

- Chiclet's on Mothers' Allowance, so when she came out of the anaesthetic, they popped her new teeth right in. But I was working, and couldn't afford any new teeth. So I decided to gum it for a while.

After I had been home for a few days, Chiclet called. “Tillie guess what! We're going to be on television!”

“What?”

- “Remember we wrote and asked the CBC to do a special on our recreation needs? Well, they called, and they want us to come on.”

“You go.”

“Not without you, Tillie. After all, you wrote the letter.”

Continued

"I can't go. I can hardly talk, and I look awful."

40 Chiclet would not take no for an answer. I didn't know what to do. We had to have this programme so that we could embarrass Recreation and Parks into doing something about the fact that we had no community centres in our areas, and no parks. But I didn't want even my near and dear to see me without teeth, much less the entire city.

45 Did you ever notice how prevalent the letter "S" is? Almost every sentence uses either it or a soft "C". And I could not pronounce sibilants without any teeth. On the other hand, I had never won an argument with Chiclet. I didn't win this one either.

50 So, on a pleasant summer night, I found myself on the bus going to be interviewed on the Thee Bee Thee. In self-defence, I had done what I could. I was wearing my pith helmet,¹ to give me confidence, and the shortest skirt I had ever seen. I figured if everyone was busy looking at my legs, they might not notice that I had no teeth. I was also muttering to myself. "Lethter Pearthon² uthed to lithp. If it wath alright for Lethter Pearthon to lithp, it'th alright for me to lithp." I was also practicing keeping my mouth open with my lips closed. This was supposed to make people think I had something in my mouth, probably teeth.

55 When we got to the TV station, I almost panicked. I had forgotten all about makeup. We were ushered into the makeup room, and I tried to plot how to carry it off, while they made up Chiclet. I could be cool. "Teeth? How extraordinary. 60 I'm sure I had some when I came in." I could refuse to wear makeup, and say I had a skin allergy. Now I regretted that my impetigo was cured. I could be noncommittal. "Teeth? No." I was still plotting when it was my turn. I sweated my way through getting my eyes made up, and my face powdered orange. Finally, they asked me to open my mouth. I closed my eyes. Nobody said a word. They 65 acted like they had seen countless empty gums.

After that it seemed easy. All I had to do was watch my speech for stray "S"s and "C"s, and when in doubt cross my legs. This did result in some strange construction in my speech, however. I sounded very formal. Instead of saying "yes", I'd say "indeed", or "I concur", or "agreed".

70 Watching the show later, I found that virtually all that was visible of me was helmet, glasses, and legs. I looked and sounded like a literate mushroom.

Strangely enough, we were successful, and we not only got the recreation department to come through, we got paid for the interview.

75 I used the money to make a down payment on some teeth. By the time I got them, I had learned to say "S" without teeth, and had to start all over again with a new lisp.

I've had no more problems with teeth.

Chiclet, on the other hand, keeps losing hers. They turn up in the oddest places. I've had to accompany her to bus terminals, schools, and restaurants in

Continued

¹pith helmet — a hat made from hardened plant material and traditionally worn in the African jungle

²Lethter Pearthon — Lester Pearson, Prime Minister of Canada, 1963 to 1968

80 search of her wandering dentures. Strangely enough, they have never been found
in any of these places. They always turn up safe and sound, somewhere at home.
Once they were in her underwear drawer. During these searches, we have heard
some very interesting stories about lost teeth from other sufferers. It seems to be
a common problem. Teeth jump out in front of cars, make suicidal leaps down
85 toilets and sewers, and hide under pillows. They also turn up in strange places
on your person.

Chiclet just called. Her teeth are missing again, and her sink has backed up.
I suspect a connection.

Dorothy O'Connell,
Contemporary Canadian writer

II. Questions 8 to 13 in your Questions Booklet are based on this poem.

AROUND THE KITCHEN TABLE

Around the kitchen table we are never out
of shape, grinning back the skinned and bleeding
shins we picked up in our first front yards,
remembering the black and blue, the sweaty
5 run-ins with the nuns who always had our number,
recalling how we counted time by cornsilk¹
curling from our burning corners,
by the hams and sausage Grandpa strung
around the smokehouse, by the smelt²
10 we shoveled in the car and drove all night with,
breathing stars and silos, breathing whispers
in the scarves the girls gave us, counting time
by frost and field mice, by weddings and the necks
of roosters Grandma wrung to welcome us back home
15 — and all the while we're talking loaves of Polish
rye are going down with butter, beer, and links
of steaming kielbasa!³ And everyone weeps
unable to keep his hands off the horseradish.
Then Uncle John, whose knees are pocked
20 with shrapnel,⁴ makes up his mind on the spot
to polka with Uncle Andy, the stiff one
who wears gartered socks. And gathered around
like this, someone always recalls a relation
burdened with more than his share of grief,
25 and the latest passing, the latest operation.
But always there is food on the table
and always another wedding in sight —
a beautiful cousin with red hair —
and Uncle Joe will pick up Grandma and
30 look! already Grandma has her glass of beer,
blushing as the young blond Polish priest
bites into his chicken next to her.

Gary Gildner,
Contemporary American Poet

¹cornsilk — silky fibres on an ear of corn

²smelt — saltwater fish

³kielbasa — garlic sausage

⁴shrapnel — bomb, mine, or shell fragments

III. Questions 14 to 25 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from the story "Gwilan's Harp."

from GWILAN'S HARP

The harp had come to Gwilan from her mother, and so had her mastery of it, people said. "Ah," they said when Gwilan played, "you can tell, that's Diera's touch," just as their parents had said when Diera played, "Ah, that's the true Penlin touch!" Gwilan's mother had had the harp from Penlin, a musician's dying gift to the worthiest of pupils. From a musician's hands Penlin too had received it; never had it been sold or bartered for, nor any value put upon it that can be said in numbers. A princely and most incredible instrument it was for a poor harper to own. The shape of it was perfection, and every part was strong and fine: the wood as hard and smooth as bronze, the fittings of ivory and silver. The grand curves of the frame bore silver mountings chased with long intertwining lines that became waves and the waves became leaves, and the eyes of gods and stags looked out from among the leaves that became waves and the waves became lines again. It was the work of great craftsmen. But all this beauty was practical, obedient, shaped to the service of sound. The sound of Gwilan's harp was water running and rain and sunlight on the water, forests, the leaves and branches of the forest and the shining eyes of gods and stags among the leaves when the wind blows in the valleys. It was all that and none of that. When Gwilan played, the harp made music; and what is music but a little wrinkling of the air?

Play she did, wherever they wanted her. When it was songs and ballads she accompanied the singers. Weak voices were borne up by her playing, and fine voices gained a glory from it. At weddings and festivals it was, "Gwilan will be here to play," and at music-day competitions, "When will Gwilan play?"

She was young; her hands were iron and her touch was silk; she could play all night and the next day too. She travelled from valley to valley, from town to town, stopping here and staying there and moving on again with other musicians on their wanderings. However they went, Gwilan carried her harp in its silk and leather case at her back or in her hands. When she rode she rode with the harp and when she walked she walked with the harp and when she slept, no, she didn't sleep with the harp, but it was there where she could reach out and touch it. She was not jealous of it, and would change instruments with another harper gladly. She kept it clean, the mountings polished and strung it with the harp strings made by old Uliad, which cost as much apiece as a whole set of common harp strings. In the heat of summer she carried it in the shade of her body; in the bitter winter it shared her cloak. In a firelit hall she did not sit with it very near the fire, nor yet too far away, for changes of heat and cold would change the voice of it, and perhaps harm the frame. She did not look after herself with half the care. Indeed she saw no need to. She knew there were other harpers, and would be other harpers; most not as good, some better. But the harp was the best. There had not been and there would not be a better. She was not its owner but its player. It was her music, her joy, her life, the noble instrument.

There were funerals, with the burial feast, the singing of elegies, and Gwilan

Continued

to play the Lament of Orioth. So she was going one day to the yearly music-day at Comin, and the landowner of Torm Vale was giving her a lift; a man who so loved music that he had traded a good cow for a bad horse, since the cow would
45 not take him where he could hear music played. It was he and Gwilan in a rickety cart, and the lean-necked roan stepping out down the steep, sunlit road from Torm Vale.

A bear in the forest by the road, or a bear's ghost, or the shadow of a hawk: the horse shied half across the road. Torm had been discussing music deeply
50 with Gwilan, waving his hands to conduct a choir of voices, and the reins went flipping out of those startled hands. The horse jumped like a cat, and ran. At the sharp curve of the road the cart swung round and smashed against the rocky cutting. A wheel leapt free and rolled. The roan went plunging and sliding down the road with half the wrecked cart dragging behind, and was gone.

Torm had been thrown from the cart, and lay stunned for a minute or two. Gwilan had clutched the harp to her when the horse shied, but had lost hold of it in the smash. The cart had tipped over and dragged on it. It was in its case of leather and embroidered silk, but when, one-handed, she got the case out from under the wheel and opened it, she did not take out a harp, but a piece of wood,
60 and another piece, and a tangle of strings, and a sliver of ivory, a twisted shell of silver chased with lines and leaves and eyes, held by a silver nail to a fragment of the frame.

It was six months without playing after that, since her arm had broken at the wrist. The wrist healed well enough, but there was no mending the harp; and
65 by then the landowner of Torm Vale had asked her if she would marry him, and she had said yes. Sometimes she wondered why she had said yes, having never thought much of marriage before, but if she looked steadily into her own mind she saw the reason why. She saw Torm on the road in the sunlight kneeling by the broken harp, his face all blood and dust, and he was weeping. When she
70 looked at that she saw that the time for rambling and roving was over and gone. One day is the day for moving on, and overnight, the next day, there is no more good in moving on, because you have come where you were going to.

They married in the old way, by themselves, over the spring where the stream began, and came back and told the household. Torm had never suggested a wedding,
75 with singing and harp-playing, never a word of all that. He was a man you could trust, Torm was.

What began in pain, in tears, was never free from the fear of pain. The two of them were gentle to each other. Not that they lived together thirty years without some quarreling. Two rocks sitting side by side would get sick of each other in
80 thirty years, and who knows what they say now and then when nobody is listening. But if people trust each other they can grumble, and a good bit of grumbling takes the fuel from wrath. Torm's land never gave more than enough, and there was no money saved. But it was a good house, and the sunlight was sweet on those high stony fields. There were two sons, who grew up into cheerful sensible
85 men, but neither had any gift of music.

Gwilan never spoke of wanting another harp. But about the time her wrist was healed, Torm would have it that there was money from selling three good heifers and that the money should buy a harp, which it did. A year or two later an old friend, a flute-player still on his travels and rambles, brought her a harp
90 from the south as a present. The three-heifers harp was a common instrument,

Continued

plain and heavy; the Southern harp was delicately carved and gilt, but cranky to tune and thin of voice. Gwilan could draw sweetness from the one and strength from the other.

95 She played at all festivities and funerals in the neighborhood, and with the musician's fees she bought good strings. If there was a music-day nearby, she went to it with Torm. She would not play in the competitions, not for fear of losing but because she was not a harper now. So they had her judge the competitions, which she did well and mercilessly. Often in the early years musicians would stop by on their travels, and stay two or three nights at Torm; with them she would
100 play. "It's our own music-day tonight," Gwilan would say. "Put another log on the fire, Torm, and sing *The Green Leaves* with me, and the boys will take the descendant."

Her wrist that had been broken grew a little stiff as the years went on; then the arthritis came into her hands. The work she did in house and farm was not
105 easy work. But then who, looking at a hand, would say it was made to do easy work? You can see from the look of it that it is meant to do difficult things, that it is the noble, willing servant of the heart and mind. But the best servants get clumsy as the years go on. Gwilan could still play the harp, but not as well as she had played. So the two harps hung on the wall, though she kept them tuned.
110 And the drouth came, and the good year, and the poor year. In the depth of a winter Torm took ill. He went from a cough to a high fever to quietness, and died while Gwilan sat beside him.

Thirty years, how can you say how long that is, and yet no longer than the saying of it: thirty years. How can you say how heavy the weight of thirty years
115 is, and yet you can hold all of them together in your hand lighter than a bit of ash, briefer than a laugh in the dark. The thirty years began in pain; they passed in peace, contentment. But they did not end there. They ended where they began.

Gwilan got up from her chair and went into the hearth room. The rest of the household were asleep. In the light of her candle she saw the two harps hung
120 against the wall, the three-heifers harp and the gilded Southern harp, the dull music and the false music. She thought, "I'll take them down at last and smash them on the hearthstone, crush them till they're only bits of wood and tangles of wire, like my harp." But she did not. She could not play them at all any more; her hands were far too stiff. It is silly to smash an instrument you cannot even play.
125 "There is no instrument left that I can play," Gwilan thought, and the thought hung in her mind for a while like a long chord, till she knew the notes that made it. "I thought my harp was myself. But it was not. It was destroyed, I was not. I thought Torm's wife was myself, but she was not. He is dead, I am not. I have nothing left at all now but myself. The wind blows from the valley, and there's
130 a voice on the wind, a bit of a tune. Then the wind falls, or changes. The work has to be done, and we did the work. It's their turn now for that, the children. There's nothing left for me to do but sing. I never could sing. But you play the instrument you have."

So she stood by the cold hearth and sang the melody of Orioth's Lament.
135 The people of the household wakened in their beds and heard her singing, all but Torm; but he knew that tune already. The untuned strings of the harps hung on the wall wakened and answered softly, voice to voice, like eyes that shine among the leaves when the wind is blowing.

Ursula K. Le Guin,
Contemporary American writer
of science fiction and fantasy

IV. Questions 26 to 33 in your Questions Booklet are based on the following information, from pages 8 to 12, concerning Robin's plans to co-ordinate a fund-raising activity.

Robin is a member of the Nalwen Teen Club. He is responsible for co-ordinating a fund-raising activity that will raise enough money to send all club members to a weekend workshop. The following documents are related to Robin's task of selecting an appropriate fund-raising activity:

Document P	Robin's letter to Uncle Fred
Document Q	Uncle Fred's letter of response
Document R	Robin's goals
Document S	Registration form for workshop
Document T	Robin's notes about possible fund-raising activities
Document U	Poster advertising a fund-raising company

Document P: Robin's letter to Uncle Fred

February 18, 1990

Dear Uncle Fred,

I have a favor to ask. It's been awhile since I spoke to you, but your Vancouver business experience might help me.

The Nalwen Teen Club that I belong to is trying to raise money to send our members to a teen workshop in July. I have been appointed co-ordinator of fund-raising activities.

The club is only a year old, but we now have 18 members. We meet once a week to share teen concerns and plan involvement in what we think are important social issues.

I know you have been involved in various projects for the Children With Special Needs Program. I'd sure appreciate any ideas you have about raising money for special events like the workshop.

*Thanks,
Robin*

Document Q: Uncle Fred's letter of response

March 3, 1990

Dear Robin,

Congratulations! Your teen club seems to be exactly what you need to get you motivated and out of the house for the summer months. And the club sounds like a worthy organization.

As far as fund-raising ideas go, I'd suggest a couple of things. Ask people within your community who have experience with fund-raising to offer suggestions and ideas. There are no doubt many worthwhile activities around your town that you could participate in to raise money. As well, there is likely a fund-raising company in Nalwen. We used one once. They usually have lots of interesting ideas and products; however, they take a large percentage of the money raised.

There are two things to keep in mind when trying to choose the right fund-raising activity for your needs. Consider the time you have to organize the activity. Don't forget advertising and advertising costs – if people don't know about your project, they won't support it.

Let me know how things work out.

Best of luck!

FRED

Document R: Robin's goals

PLANNING FOR SETTING GOALS

Cost of workshop	\$110 per participant
18 teen club members	$\times 18$
Total cost for 18 members	\$1,980

Town council will provide a bus and a driver for transporting club members

FUND-RAISING ACTIVITY MUST FULFIL THESE GOALS:

1. raise at least \$1,980 by June 15
2. be as simple to plan as possible
3. take no longer than one month to complete
4. be possible for 18 teens to accomplish

Continued

TIME FOR TEENS WORKSHOP

JULY 13, 14, 15, 1990
VERANDA PLACE CONVENTION CENTRE
RIVER CITY, ALBERTA

The world is going to be ours. It is up to teens to do what we can about **water pollution, acid rain, recycling, saving the whales, poverty, human rights, social injustice, and political oppression.** Our generation can make the world a better place.

The Time For Teens Workshop offers 20 workshops that provide useful and interesting ways for individuals to take action to improve the quality of life on this planet.

Cost: Includes admission to the workshop, accommodation, meals, and Saturday night dance: \$110

REGISTRATION FORM

Registration forms and your payment for the workshop must be received on or before JUNE 15, 1990. Once your registration has been received, you will be contacted and provided with further information.

(Please print clearly)

Last Name _____ First Name _____

Address _____ City/Town _____

Province _____ Postal Code _____

Telephone _____

Detach and return completed registration form to:

TIME FOR TEENS
P.O. Box 552
River City, Alberta
T4P 1P1
(727-2948)

Continued

Document T: Robin's notes about possible fund-raising activities

COMMUNITY DANCE

Hall available only two Saturday nights in May

Work involved - all club members will help with set up, promotion, taking tickets, working concession, and clean-up

Costs - \$100 hall rental
20 posters and ads
250 D.J.
\$370

Concession - operated by Williams Distributing

- club will get 20% of total sales

- Mr. Williams estimates club can make \$100

Ticket sales - \$5 ticket price x 300 people (a recent dance sponsored by the skating club drew 300 people)

- total ticket sales estimated at \$1,500

Total profit per dance - \$1,500 - \$370 = \$1,130. Will need 2 dances to raise \$2,260

BINGO

A local service club has offered us the profits from one night of bingo in June if we staff the hall

Work involved - will have to work from 6 p.m. to midnight and help with setting up, operating concession, and clean-up

Profits - run an average of \$2,200 per bingo, but have been as low as \$500. A few times, the bingo has even lost money

GARAGE SALE

If every club member brought 60 items, we would have 1,080 items. Club members would collect donations of items from family, neighbors, and businesses

Will take about 3 weeks to collect all the items

Work involved - all members help with setting up and running the sale

Cost - hall rental (available May 25, 26, and 27) - \$100

Profits - estimate that items will sell for an average of \$2 each, could raise \$2,160 (likely, more money will be raised, as many items will sell for \$10 or \$15)

CAR WASH

Could hold car washes on weekends in May and June (Sat. & Sun.)

Work involved - all club members help to make and put up posters - 2 scrubbing teams of 3 people each required each day

Cost - service station wants \$1 per car to cover costs and use of facilities - water, buckets, sponges, etc.

Profits - charge \$5 per car -- estimate 42 cars each day -- estimated revenue \$336 each weekend - would take 6 weekends to raise sufficient money for the trip

Continued

GABRIS FUND-RAISING COMPANY

FUN-RAISING FUND-RAISING FOR SCHOOLS, GROUPS, AND INDIVIDUALS

**KEEP 40¢ OF EVERY \$ YOU SELL
GUARANTEED PRODUCTS
EXCITING CONCEPTS**

WE MAKE IT EASY FOR YOU!

We offer

- great promotional ideas
- low cost, high quality, easy-to-sell products

We will

- sort and package all materials
- do all your paperwork



Call: David Gabris
8087 Burton Avenue
Nalwen, Alberta
T6R 1P5
(403) 755-6633

“Our 15-member club made \$150 in only one week selling power tools!”
-- Jason Edwards

“We made \$500 last summer selling chocolate bars!”
-- Nalwen Cub Scouts

GABRIS FUND-RAISING COMPANY
An Alberta company serving Albertans

- V. After considering several factors involved in co-ordinating a fund-raising activity, Robin has decided to seek information from the Gabris Fund-Raising Company. Questions 34 to 38 in your Questions Booklet are based on this first draft of Robin's letter to Mr. Gabris.

March 5, 1990

Gabris Fund-Raising Company
8087 Burton Avenue
Nalwen, Alberta
T6R 1P5

Dear Mr. Gabris:

Paragraph 1

I learned about your ^{fund-raising} company from a ⁿ poster advertising your business.

^{As}
~~I am the~~ co-ordinator of fund-raising activities for the Nalwen Teen Club.
^{I am interested in knowing what your company has to offer. Our club is}
~~and we are~~ trying to raise money to send our members to a workshop

for teens to be held in River City from July 13 to 15.

Paragraph 2

Your poster ^{implied} ~~stated~~ that your company could provide fund raisers that are

simple and made to fit each person's needs. It ^{indicated} ~~indicated~~ that your
products are ^{guaranteed} ~~guaranteed~~ and that fund raising can ^{easily succeed} ~~be easy success~~.

I would be interested in ^{discussing what} ~~having~~ your company ^{would suggest as} ~~design~~ a fund-raising
event for our club.

Continued

Paragraph 3

Our needs are these.

^{need to raise approximately}
First, ~~we have to have~~ \$2,000 so that our 18 members can ^{attend} ~~go to~~ a
^{each}
workshop at \$110 ~~a piece~~. Second, ^{activity} we would like a fund-raising
^{activity}
that doesn't place too many demands on our parents,
neighbors, and friends without ^{a worthwhile return for them.} ~~giving something that they will~~
~~need or enjoy back to them.~~ Third, ^{we need a project we can} ~~we do not have unlimited time,~~
^{manage} ~~what~~ with school, part-time jobs, ^{and} family responsibilities, etc.

Paragraph 4

As well, a

^{interest}
~~A~~ consideration that may ~~have been somewhat important to you~~
before you suggest an activity is the makeup of our club. There
are eight girls and ten boys ^{aged 16 to 19} who are prepared to
work for our project.

Paragraph 5

^{contact to discuss}
Would you [?] ~~let me know the kinds of fund raisers that you can~~
^{a project}
suggest? Perhaps we can arrange ~~something~~ that will meet our
club's needs. ^{We are considering three or four ideas of our own, but we feel that a professional fund-raising company may be able to help us.}

VI. Questions 39 to 45 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from the essay "Illustrated History of Rock and Roll."

from ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF ROCK AND ROLL

In the beginning, it was a scandal. Detecting signs of lust, parents called it noise. Elvis grinned, and we all cheered. It was the music you loved to have them hate.

- 5 After the Beatles, it became important. Entertainers believed themselves poets, prophets, politicians. New albums announced revolutions. The scene grew self-conscious. A few of us began to write about it.

Today it is an institution. A multi-billion dollar industry, it is welcome in Las Vegas and Hollywood, on the screen and over the air, in homes and theaters and supermarkets and elevators everywhere. It sells magazines, fills arenas, dominates
10 radio. It is the music much of the world listens to much of the time.

And so it will stand. Premature obituaries long forgotten, the only question is: Can rock survive maturity?

- The music cannot simply die. A rewarding enterprise, it continues to attract artists and frauds, magicians and maniacs, the talented, the greedy and the just
15 plain bored. For many musicians, it remains a source of energy and fecund clichés. Generations still grow up on the big beat and its songs of perfect love and broken hearts. A monument to reckless desires, it has dated our lives and given us heroes. An escape alive with imagination and feeling, it is America's most durable export, with the possible exception of comic books, Coca-Cola and the Army.

- 20 So while the King is dead, the show goes on. Myths are preserved and recycled, legends are planned with ingenuity¹ and guile.² As always, new stars come and go. Some revive honorable traditions. Others revitalize the music in unforeseen ways.

- But that is not the whole story. Since the first edition of this history appeared
25 in 1976, a few performers — many of them not particularly popular ones, at that — have done something more than crank out one more hit record. Instead, they have challenged the very idea of "rock and roll" as an industry, an art form and a way of killing time.

- In the span of four years, questions about politics and rock, profits and rock,
30 popularity and rock, escape and rock, even sex and rock, have all been ripped open, run down and worked over, often in records and performances and manifestoes³ that vehemently reject tradition and taste and history. The institution of rock has faced a revolt. The consequences have yet to run their course.

Jim Miller,
Editor, *Rolling Stone* magazine

¹ingenuity — cleverness, originality

²guile — deceit

³manifestoes — public declarations of views

VII. Questions 46 to 56 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from the play *Caesar and Cleopatra*.

from CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA, Act I

CHARACTERS:

Julius Caesar — head of the Roman Empire

Cleopatra — sixteen-year-old Queen of Egypt

Ftataetea — chief nurse to Cleopatra

Nubian slave — servant from Nubia in the Egyptian palace

CLEOPATRA *has fled the invading Romans to find safety at the monument of the sacred sphinx. She encounters a soldier and takes him back to her palace, unaware that he is CAESAR, the commander of the invading army. They are approaching the throne room in the palace.*

CAESAR: What place is this?

CLEOPATRA: This is where I sit on the throne when I am allowed to wear my crown and robes. *(The slave holds his torch to show the throne.)*

CAESAR: Order the slave to light the lamps.

5 CLEOPATRA *(Shyly)*: Do you think I may?

CAESAR: Of course. You are the Queen. *(She hesitates.)* Go on.

CLEOPATRA *(Timidly, to the slave)*: Light all the lamps.

FTATATEETA *(Suddenly coming from behind the throne)*: Stop. *(The slave stops. She turns sternly to CLEOPATRA, who quails like a naughty child.)* Who
10 is this you have with you; and how dare you order the lamps to be lighted without my permission? *(CLEOPATRA is dumb with apprehension.)*

CAESAR: Who is she?

CLEOPATRA: Ftataetea.

FTATATEETA *(Arrogantly)*: Chief nurse to —

15 CAESAR *(Cutting her short)*: I speak to the Queen. Be silent. *(To CLEOPATRA)* Is this how your servants know their places? Send her away; and you *(to the slave)* do as the Queen has bidden. *(The slave lights the lamps. Meanwhile CLEOPATRA stands hesitating, afraid of FTATATEETA.)* You are the Queen: send her away.

20 CLEOPATRA *(Cajoling)*: Ftataetea, dear: you must go away just for a little.

CAESAR: You are not commanding her to go away: you are begging her. You are no Queen. Farewell. *(He turns to go.)*

CLEOPATRA *(Clutching him)*: No, no, no. Don't leave me.

CAESAR: A Roman does not stay with queens who are afraid of their slaves.

25 CLEOPATRA: I am not afraid. Indeed I am not afraid.

FTATATEETA: We shall see who is afraid here. *(Menacingly)* Cleopatra —

CAESAR: On your knees, woman: am I also a child that you dare trifle with me? *(He points to the floor at CLEOPATRA's feet. FTATATEETA, half cowed, half savage, hesitates. CAESAR calls to the NUBIAN.)* Slave. *(The*
30 *NUBIAN comes to him.)* Can you cut off a head?

(The NUBIAN nods and grins ecstatically, showing all his teeth. CAESAR takes his sword by the scabbard, ready to offer the hilt to the NUBIAN, and

Continued

- turns again to FTATATEETA, repeating his gesture.) Have you remembered yourself, mistress?
- 35 (FTATATEETA, crushed, kneels before CLEOPATRA, who can hardly believe her eyes.)
- FTATATEETA** (*Hoarsely*): O Queen, forget not thy servant in the days of thy greatness.
- CLEOPATRA** (*Blazing with excitement*): Go. Begone. Go away.
- 40 (FTATATEETA rises with stooped head, and moves backwards towards the door. CLEOPATRA watches her submission eagerly, almost clapping her hands, which are trembling. Suddenly she cries) Give me something to beat her with. (She snatches a snake-skin from the throne and dashes after FTATATEETA, whirling it like a scourge in the air. CAESAR makes a bound and manages to catch her and hold her while FTATATEETA escapes.)
- 45 **CAESAR**: You scratch, kitten, do you?
- CLEOPATRA** (*Breaking from him*): I will beat somebody. I will beat him. (She attacks the slave.) There, there, there! (The slave flies for his life up the corridor and vanishes. She throws the snake-skin away and jumps on the step of the throne with her arms waving, crying) I am a real Queen at last — a
- 50 real, real Queen! Cleopatra the Queen! (CAESAR shakes his head dubiously, the advantage of the change seeming open to question from the point of view of the general welfare of Egypt. She turns and looks at him exultantly. Then she jumps down from the steps, runs to him, and flings her arms round him rapturously, crying) Oh, I love you for making me a Queen.
- 55 **CAESAR**: But queens love only kings.
- CLEOPATRA**: You shall always be my king: my nice, kind, wise, good old king.
- CAESAR**: Oh, my wrinkles, my wrinkles! And my child's heart! You will be the most dangerous of all Caesar's conquests.
- 60 **CLEOPATRA** (*Appalled*): Caesar! I forgot Caesar. (*Anxiously*) You will tell him that I am a Queen, will you not? — a real Queen. Listen! (*Stealthily coaxing him*): let us run away and hide until Caesar is gone.
- CAESAR**: If you fear Caesar, you are no true queen; and though you were to hide beneath a pyramid, he would go straight to it and lift it with one hand.
- 65 And then — ! (*He chops his teeth together.*)
- CLEOPATRA** (*Trembling*): Oh!
- CAESAR**: Be afraid if you dare. (*The note of the bucina¹ resounds in the distance. She moans with fear. CAESAR exults in it, exclaiming*) Aha! Caesar approaches the throne of Cleopatra. Come: take your place. (*He takes her hand and leads her to the throne. She is too downcast to speak.*) Ho, there, Teetatota. How do you call your slaves?
- CLEOPATRA** (*Spiritlessly, as she sinks on the throne and cowers there, shaking*): Clap your hands.
- (*He claps his hands. FTATATEETA returns.*)
- 75 **CAESAR**: Bring the Queen's robes, and her crown, and her women; and prepare her.
- CLEOPATRA** (*Eagerly — recovering herself a little*): Yes, the crown, Ftatateeta:

Continued

¹bucina — a Roman C-shaped trumpet

- I shall wear the crown.
- FTATATEETA:** For whom must the Queen put on her state?
- 80 **CAESAR:** For a citizen of Rome. A king of kings, Totateeta.
- CLEOPATRA** (*Stamping at her*): How dare you ask questions? Go and do as you are told. (*FTATATEETA goes out with a grim smile. CLEOPATRA goes on eagerly, to CAESAR*) Caesar will know that I am a Queen when he sees my crown and robes, will he not?
- 85 **CAESAR:** No. How shall he know that you are not a slave dressed up in the Queen's ornaments?
- CLEOPATRA:** You must tell him.
- CAESAR:** He will not ask me. He will know Cleopatra by her pride, her courage, her majesty, and her beauty. (*She looks very doubtful.*)
- 90 Are you trembling?
- CLEOPATRA** (*Shivering with dread*): No, I — I — (*in a very sickly voice*) No. (*FTATATEETA and three women come in with the regalia.*)
- FTATATEETA:** Of all the Queen's women, these three alone are left. The rest are fled. (*They begin to dress CLEOPATRA, who submits, pale and motionless.*)
- 95 **CAESAR:** Good, good. Three are enough. Poor Caesar generally has to dress himself.
- FTATATEETA** (*Contemptuously*): The queen of Egypt is not a Roman barbarian. (*To CLEOPATRA*) Be brave, my nursling. Hold up your head before this stranger.
- 100 **CAESAR** (*Admiring CLEOPATRA, and placing the crown on her head*): Is it sweet or bitter to be a Queen, Cleopatra?
- CLEOPATRA:** Bitter.
- CAESAR:** Cast out fear; and you will conquer Caesar. Tota: are the Romans at hand?
- 105 **FTATATEETA:** They are at hand; and the guard has fled.
- THE WOMEN** (*Wailing subduedly*): Woe to us!
 (*The NUBIAN comes running down the hall.*)
- NUBIAN:** The Romans are in the courtyard. (*He bolts through the door. With a shriek, the women fly after him. FTATATEETA's jaw expresses savage resolution: she does not budge. CLEOPATRA can hardly restrain herself from following them. CAESAR grips her wrist, and looks steadfastly at her. She stands like a martyr.*²)
- 110 **CAESAR:** The Queen must face Caesar alone. Answer "So be it."
- CLEOPATRA** (*White*): So be it.
- 115 **CAESAR** (*Releasing her*): Good.
 (*A tramp and tumult of armed men is heard. CLEOPATRA's terror increases. The bucina sounds close at hand, followed by a formidable clangor of trumpets. This is too much for CLEOPATRA: she utters a cry and darts towards the door. FTATATEETA stops her ruthlessly.*)
- 120 **FTATATEETA:** You are my nursling. You have said "So be it"; and if you die for it, you must make the Queen's word good. (*She hands CLEOPATRA to CAESAR, who takes her back, almost beside herself with apprehension, to the throne.*)
- CAESAR:** Now, if you quail — ! (*He seats himself on the throne. She stands on*

Continued

²martyr — one who submits to self-sacrifice

125 *the step, all but unconscious, waiting for death. The Roman soldiers troop*
in tumultuously through the corridor, headed by their ensign with his eagle,
and their bucinator, a burly fellow with his instrument coiled round his body,
its brazen bell shaped like the head of a howling wolf. When they reach the
130 *entry, they stare in amazement at the throne; form into ordered rank opposite*
it; draw their swords and lift them in the air with a shout of Hail, Caesar.
CLEOPATRA turns and stares wildly at CAESAR; grasps the situation; and,
with a great sob of relief, falls into his arms.)

George Bernard Shaw,
British dramatist and critic
(1856-1950)

VIII. Questions 57 to 64 in your Questions Booklet are based on this poem.

THE LAST BATTER

The demolition of Maple Leaf Stadium in Toronto causes the speaker to fantasize about his boyhood experiences as a baseball fan.

Luke Hamlin's down there warming up, his baseball cap as battered as ever, not looking one day older than he did in the Forties and early Fifties, still with plenty of stuff left, his change-up floating in there slowly enough to count every
5 stitch on the ball, his fast one when it comes digging with a smack in the catcher's mitt, his curve a butterfly that can't make up its mind until the very last the direction it really wants to take.

And Rocky's out there too, Rocky Nelson's down on one
10 knee in the on-deck circle, working his plug tobacco softer while his two big meat-hooks of hands softly grip three bats, two of which he'll throw toward the bat boy just before taking his slow purposeful walk to the batter's box. He also doesn't look any older than he did in those years he led the
15 League in home runs and runs batted in, besides making put-outs at first look like duck soup, nothing at all.

Now Luke's through his warm-up, saunters out toward the mound. The catcher moves in behind home plate, in a moment will take the last few pitches before the game gets
20 under way. Rocky's up on his feet now, swings his three bats and tosses two away, the ritual of discarding the lumber, then shuffles up to the plate, ready for business.

It's a warm summer afternoon here at Maple Leaf Stadium, a Saturday in late June, to be exact. There's a light breeze
25 blowing in off the lake but not enough to bother the players, the sun far enough around so it doesn't shine directly in a batter's eyes. Right about now the umpire should be yelling "Play ball" and moving back behind the catcher to get set for the first pitch of the game. At this moment the ten to
30 twelve thousand fans in the stands should be breaking out into a minor roar as the batter stands in there swinging his bat, waiting for the delivery. But today there's no umpire dressed in black behind the plate or out behind first or second, and certainly no crowd in the stands — for the
35 stands are gone, the seats, the climbing lettered aisles, and most noticeably the overhanging roof shadowing it all — there's nothing up there where the smell of hot-dogs used to float around, where peanuts were cracked, where ice-cold

Continued

pop was guzzled deliciously; there's nothing up there but a
40 mass of rusted iron girders, naked arms pointing uselessly at
the sky. The wreckers have done their job very well indeed.
But strangely enough the right-field fence still remains and
Rocky Nelson as he steps to the plate gives it one quick
45 glance and takes his place in the batter's box. Luke Ham-
lin's ready too, he gives his battered cap one last touch and
toes the rubber. Then he kicks and throws a fast one on the
outside to the left-handed batter which Rocky only watches
streak by. A beautiful strike and you wonder why Rocky
50 wasn't ready for that one, didn't paste it good. But Rocky
only shifts his chaw to the other side of his cheek, wiggles
his body a little, his feet still in that half-turned-away stance
that has puzzled baseball writers for years but works very
well indeed for him, and looks out again at Luke. Luke has
55 finished tugging on his trouser belt, touches his cap and
steps on the rubber again. He goes into his wind-up.

And the pitch? Surely not another fast one — Luke must
know Rocky will be ready for that move. A change-up? The
logical time to throw it, which is probably why he won't.
Well then, a good, sharp-breaking curve cutting in close on
60 the left-hand batter?

That's what it is, breaking beautifully with a last second
twitch to it. But Rocky's spotted the pitch early and his bat
comes around, a lightning parallel arc to his body. The
clean sharp crack of swinging wood, real wood, meeting a
65 baseball head-on, is what we hear.

And there it goes, folks, bang down the right-field line but
just now curving a shade inside, still rising as it reaches the
outfield grass, up, up, there it goes, folks, a home run over
the right-field fence with twenty feet or more to spare, still it
70 goes on rising, rising, over ghosts of Little Norway, over the
marina and a hundred pleasure craft at dockside, still rising
it moves out over the bay, heading for the Island, lost now
among all that green of water, blue of sky. . . .

And now we look around us, forced to realize at last that we
75 are all alone in this great empty field of weed-high grass,
only the iron girders of the gone-forever grandstand point-
ing up almost despairingly in the afternoon sunshine, no
crowd or crowd-roar, only the endless traffic going by on
Fleet Street — and we know now we're witnessing one
80 more little death among so many dyings — life will go on,
still beautiful and strange, but never in quite the same way
as yet another boyhood fantasy goes under: after today not
even the poet's wildest imaginings can make that world of
baseball come alive again, brave shining world of clean uni-

Continued

85 forms, of graceful strategic manoeuvres; it's all gone,
there's nothing left to do now but go on home, gracefully, if
possible, this time without even as much as a bright-colour-
ed rain-check in the pocket, which found months later in
kinder days still promised baseball in another year. . . .

Raymond Souster,
Contemporary Canadian poet

IX. Questions 65 to 70 in your Questions Booklet are based on this essay.

SOMETHING FROM THE SIXTIES

A friend writes:

About five o'clock last Sunday evening, my son burst into the kitchen and said, "I didn't know it was so late!" He was due at a party immediately — a sixties party, he said — and he needed something from the sixties to wear. My son is almost fifteen years old, the size of a grown man, and when he bursts into a room glassware rattles and the cat on your lap grabs on to your knees and leaps from the starting block. I used to think the phrase "burst into the room" was only for detective fiction, until my son got his growth. He can burst in a way that, done by an older fellow, would mean that angels had descended into the front yard and were eating apples off the tree, and he does it whenever he's late — as being my son, he often is. I have so little sense of time that when he said he needed something from the sixties it took me a moment to place that decade. It's the one he was born toward the end of.

I asked, "What sort of stuff you want to wear?"

He said, "I don't know. Whatever they wore then."

We went up to the attic, into a long, low room under the eaves where I've squirreled away some boxes of old stuff; I dug into one box, and the first thing I hauled out was the very thing he wanted. A thigh-length leather vest covered with fringe and studded with silver, it dates from around 1967, a fanciful time in college-boy fashions. Like many boys, I grew up in nice clothes my mother bought, but was meanwhile admiring Roy Rogers, Sergeant Rock, the Cisco Kid, and other sharp dressers, so when I left home I was ready to step out and be somebody. Military Surplus was the basic style then — olive drab, and navy-blue pea jackets — with a touch of Common Man in the work boots and blue work shirts, but if you showed up in Riverboat Gambler or Spanish Peasant or Rodeo King nobody blinked, nobody laughed. I haven't worn the vest in ten years, but a few weeks ago, seeing a picture of Michael Jackson wearing a fancy band jacket like the ones the Beatles wore on the cover of "Sgt. Pepper," I missed the fun I used to have getting dressed in the morning. Pull on the jeans, a shirt with brilliant-red roses, a pair of Red Wing boots. A denim jacket. Rose-tinted glasses. A cowboy hat. Or an engineer's cap. Or, instead of jeans, bib overalls. Or white trousers with blue stripes. Take off the denim jacket, take off the rose shirt, try the neon-green bowling shirt with "Moose" stitched on the pocket, the black dinner jacket. Now the dark-green Chinese Army cap. And an orange tie with hula dancers and palm trees.

Then — presto! — I pulled the rose shirt out. He put it on, and the vest, which weighs about fifteen pounds, and by then I had found him a hat — a broad-brimmed panama that ought to make you think of a cotton planter enjoying a

Continued

Sazerac¹ on a veranda in New Orleans. I followed him down to his bedroom,
40 where he admired himself in a full-length mirror.

“Who wore this?” he asked.

I said that I did.

“Did you really? This? You?”

Yes, I really did. After he was born, in 1969, I wore it less and less, finally
45 settling down with what I think of as the Dad look, and now I would no sooner
wear my old fringed vest in public than walk around in a taffeta tutu.² I loved
the fact that it fitted him so well, though, and his pleasure at the heft and
extravagance of the thing, the poses he struck in front of the mirror. Later, when
he got home and reported that his costume was a big hit and that all his friends
50 had tried on the vest, it made me happy again. You squirrel away old stuff on
the principle of its being useful and interesting someday; it’s wonderful when the
day finally arrives. The vest was waiting for a boy to come along — a boy who
has a flair for the dramatic, who bursts into rooms — and to jump right into the
part. I’m happy to be the audience.

Garrison Keillor,
Contemporary American writer and broadcaster

¹Sazerac — a whisky cocktail

²tutu — a short full skirt worn by ballerinas

CREDITS

Dorothy O'Connell. "Teeth" from *Chiclet Gomez* (Toronto: Deneau Publishing Co. Ltd.). Reprinted by permission of Dorothy O'Connell.

Gary Gildner. "Around the Kitchen Table" from *Nails* (Mt. Pleasant, Michigan: Great Lakes Review). Reprinted courtesy of the Great Lakes Review.

"Gwilan's Harp" by Ursula K. Le Guin, *Redbook*, May 1977. Copyright © 1977 by Ursula K. Le Guin. Reprinted by permission of the author and the author's agent, Virginia Kidd.

From *Rolling Stone Illustrated History of Rock and Roll* by Jim Miller (New York: Random House, Inc.). Reprinted by permission of Random House, Inc.

Bernard Shaw. From *Caesar and Cleopatra* as found in *Three Plays for Puritans* (New York: Viking Penguin Inc.). Reprinted on behalf of the Society of Authors on behalf of the Bernard Shaw Estate.

"The Last Batter" is reprinted from *Collected Poems of Raymond Souster* by permission of Oberon Press.

Reprinted by permission of Garrison Keillor. Copyright © 1984 by Garrison Keillor, first published in April 9, 1984, issue of *The New Yorker*.



000035852128

